

## My Pop's Aesthetics

Outside of his hands floating across the linotype, showed

a quirk. Probably transmitted from discussions in saloons

after lobster shifts at  
The Journal-Courier.

“Barbara Fritchie best poem of all time!” issued one pronouncement. Yeah?

*Shoot if you must this old gray head.  
But spare your country's flag she said.*

Present scoundrels donate the finger upthrust

towards a stars n' stripes awning as they raft down rivers of blood money.